First Christmas

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13069854.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe, Surgeon Hannibal, cop will, fast moving relationship, First Christmas, Christmas Presents, Lingerie, Stockings, slightly rough sex, Butt Plugs, Genderfluid Character, genderfluid Hannibal, Revelations, Happy Ending, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Non Cis Fics, Part 19 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics
Stats:	Published: 2017-12-19 Words: 2,855 Chapters: 1/1

First Christmas

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal and Will have only been together a couple of months but their relationship is moving fast. They really aren't sure what plans, if any, they should make together for Christmas... especially as there are still some things to explore between them.

They had decided not to spend Christmas together. As much as Will was tempted to ask, it seemed too soon. They had only been together a couple of months - having met at the Hannibal's workplace a couple of months before that. Will had gotten stabbed in the line of duty - nothing too serious really - and Hannibal Lecter had been the ER doctor that treated him.

He dismissed his attraction at first as some weird saviour thing. He'd been in a hell of a lot of pain and Hannibal had stitched him up and given him the good drugs. But when Will had returned as an outpatient the following week, he had to admit the doctor was pretty damn gorgeous. His cheekbones, his eyes and oh god, those lips! The way those lips curved into a smile and uttered horrendously flirtatious words that flustered Will no end. And there was something about him that Will could get a little sense of - a glimpse here and there of who Hannibal really was under his suit and scrubs. And that was tantalising.

It had taken almost two months of totally orchestrated accidental meetings before Will got up the nerve to ask the doctor out on a date. He had at least been restrained enough on the first date - dinner at a nice restaurant - to offer only a chaste kiss goodnight.

The following date? Will blamed it on being Halloween. It was always a crazy night and he wasn't sure how he'd even managed to get rota'd off for it, miraculously so had Hannibal. Fate perhaps? Of course, being Halloween they wanted to avoid the city so he accepted Hannibal's invitation to dinner at his place.

They didn't get to dinner - the formal *date*. Unless breakfast the next morning counted as a date.

Things had moved quickly from there and by the end of November they both had spare toothbrushes and various other items at each other's homes. But even so, Christmas was a big deal as far as Will was concerned - and that felt like too much commitment even for something moving so fast. Which was ridiculous really when his overactive imagination had them living together by the following Christmas anyway. It even had sparked in his mind a picture of Hannibal on that day - what he might wear with the two of them alone together… an image fed by their continuing time together - his continuing sense of *something*. A something he was becoming ever more certain of and hopeful that one day Hannibal might share it with him.

When Hannibal suggested that they have their own Christmas together separate from the pressure of a specific date, Will jumped at it. Even if he was slightly startled that Hannibal gave him a key to his house when they arranged it.

On the arranged date - 19th December - Will could smell the roasted meal as soon as he opened Hannibal's front door, but the man in question was nowhere to be seen. He followed his nose to the kitchen and found everything warm and settling, ready to serve. Still no Hannibal.

Will made his way into the dining room.

"Hannibal?"

He made his way to the bottom of the staircase and something caught his eye - Hannibal's tie hanging from the ornate banister. His eyes instantly swept up the stairs to see Hannibal's shirt draped at the top end. Will swallowed and pressed his hand down on his instantly stirring cock, his mind running forward to what he might find at the top as he now raced up the stairs.

On the way to Hannibal's bedroom he passed the man's vest and pants.

He only came to an abrupt stop when he reached Hannibal's bedroom door. It was slightly ajar and his breath was shuddering out of him, his pulse pounding in his ears. He felt like a giddy teenager about to get laid for the first time… which was ridiculous as they'd had plenty of sex already. Good, soft, hard, hungry, passionate, gentle sex.

He pushed down on his cock again and winced at the near overstimulation.

What had stopped Will in his tracks was the bow on the door with a beautifully penned gift tag saying ~ *Dear Will, your gift awaits to be unwrapped. Merry Christmas. Hannibal* ~

Will's heart was thundering as he pushed the door slowly open.

In such a short time they had come to know each other so well, and yet he never failed to be surprised by Hannibal. He could never entirely predict the man.

He certainly had not expected this…

Hope and expectation are such different things. A sense of knowing something wasn't the same as having the evidence before you and whilst Will's mind had skirted around the suspicion of this, the knowledge of it was something else. Had he ever considered Hannibal might reveal something in this way? No, but he welcomed it.

Hannibal looked nervous as he lay on the bed, reclining in a beautiful green happi that showed enough leg to reveal delicate black stockings covered the length of them. A glimpse of suspenders and suspender belt peaking at the top.

Will's heart pounded harder and he heard the small whimper a moment before he realised it had come from himself.

Hannibal let out a heavy breath, still seeming nervous as he said "you mentioned in passing… a few weeks ago… and I've thought of little else since."

"Hannibal!" The name came out as a soft sigh. He had mentioned it, he remembered. A random conversation about how beautiful Hannibal's legs were. They had been in bed and he was admiring their lithe, athletic shape with both eyes and mouth. Years of dance and swimming told in Hannibal's shape and frame. Will had said something along the lines of - *I'd love to see them in nylons*. It had been a simple desire in that moment which, he thought, had been ignored or forgotten as they consumed each other's lust. He had almost hoped it had been because he felt it might seem like he was pushing at the *something* he suspected but didn't want to make Hannibal feel he had to reveal.

"I didn't… I hadn't expected you to do this for me…" Will started, the words coming out reverent as his eyes locked on nothing but Hannibal's legs and he started cautiously forward - worried this was a dream that might go up in a puff of smoke at any moment.

"I know. I…" He looked up then and could see the coyness had dropped. Now that the initial revelation was out of the way, Hannibal was clearly confident in what he was doing and what he was wearing. "I haven't done this, worn this in many years… not for someone else I mean."

Will's eyes went wide at that and he stopped in his tracks as Hannibal, almost predatory in his movements, sat and adjusted himself. He slowly undid the happi, letting it slide off of his shoulders, his legs were drawn delicately together and Will couldn't help but notice through the sheer black material, that Hannibal had shaved his legs too.

Hannibal discarded the happi over the side of the bed and rolled slowly and delicately to his front. It was only then that Will could completely see that Hannibal was naked but for the stockings, suspenders and belt. As he came to rest on his front, looking back over his shoulder at Will with an inviting grin, he pulled up a leg - his balls left on display between his now wide open thighs.

Will whined and pushed down on his cock. Damn Hannibal was so fucking perfect.

“Will-” Hannibal invited with a husky voice.

Will started forward again then, reaching his hands out to lightly touch Hannibal’s foot once he was able. He caressed around his ankle with his left hand whilst allowing his right to slide up the soft material on the inside of Hannibal’s leg. He pulled himself up the bed, his right hand playing over the top of the stocking before taking Hannibal’s balls into his palm. His left hand snaked up the leg the rest of the way, running a little back down again as Will leaned in and started to press kisses against the nylon-covered thigh.

He moved up to nuzzle against Hannibal’s balls, enjoying the soft sounds it was pulling from the man. When he caught a glint of metal and realised Hannibal’s ass was plugged, Will groaned and almost shot his load.

“Fuck…” He breathed out the word and pushed down on his cock again, now almost painful.

“Yes, Will. Please.”

Will chuckled at that and moved his mouth back to the top of one stocking, nipping at where one of the suspenders held the nylon.

“My heart stopped, Will. For that moment when you mentioned the stockings.” Hannibal spoke softly though his trembling breaths, his thighs quivering a little at each light touch. “We have become so close, so quickly and… I already thought you were perfect, perfect for me. But I had no hope that you would truly see me and embrace this facet of myself.”

“Fuck, Hannibal… I can’t even…” Will moved back, sitting on his heels enough to undo his trousers and pull them halfway down his ass, enough to free his hard and aching cock from it’s cruel confines.

“Pillow.” Hannibal’s words shuddered out of him with clear anticipation.

Will looked across and saw the condom and small tube of lube tied together with a Christmas bow. He chuckled at his gift even as he grabbed for it and quickly discarded the decorations. Will’s heart was pounding and it took everything to keep his hands steady as he took the condom out of the packet, rolled it onto his cock and then lubed up.

“Please, Will.” Hannibal shifted his hips in an invitation, the plug catching the light again.

Still fully clothed, Will pulled the plug roughly from Hannibal and shoved his cock in its place. Hannibal took a sharp breath and then pushed back on him, again and again -

encouraging him more as Will fucked into him as hard as he could laying near flat on top of him.

Will's hands went from holding Hannibal's hips to running to the top of his thighs, kneading and clutching at the stocking tops.

"You're so fucking beautiful." Will muttered breathlessly. "My beautiful girl."

The words slipped out, and Will only hoped they were what Hannibal wanted to hear as much as he wanted to say them. The responding groan and shudder told him it was and he felt his cock pulse inside his lover. He was so close.

"Harder…" Hannibal moaned.

Will's hands went back to his hips and pulled him back and up so that Hannibal was now kneeling and Will could pound into him relentlessly and finally reach for his cock.

When Will's hand circled his length Hannibal let out a sharp cry - he was so hard, leaking copiously. Will was thrusting hard and fast, so very deep, that he could barely keep the same urgent rhythm with his hand.

His vision all but whited out as his balls drew up and he came hard, still stuttering thrusts through it as he spilled, seemingly endlessly, into Hannibal. His hand fell away as his whole body went lax from the mind blowing orgasm that was still sending waves of numb pleasure through his entire body. He felt Hannibal's hand take over as his fell, stroking himself only a couple of times before he came with a deep moan.

Will cried out as his sensitive cock was milked and squeezed by Hannibal's tight muscles. He waited until Hannibal's orgasm subsided and he collapsed into his own mess, before taking hold of the base of the condom and pulling out. Hannibal whimpered at the loss and damn if that didn't make Will want to fuck him all over again, if only his cock were willing.

Instead he moved off the bed, stripping out of his clothes as he went to the adjoining bathroom, tossing the condom into the trash. He grabbed a damp washcloth to clean up Hannibal's lube-sticky hole.

Ten minutes later they lay entwined in each other, one of Hannibal's legs hitched up so he could idly stroke his fingers over the stocking as Hannibal's head rested on his chest.

"This… isn't' just a fetish or kink or something for you is it?" Will asked, sure he knew the answer to something he had suspected, had maybe been hinted at, but that he had seen for certain when he had entered the bedroom that evening.

"No." Hannibal replied plainly. "It isn't' something I have shared with someone intimately in a long time. And other than that I keep it to myself. It… can be hard to explain exactly what genderfluid or non-binary is when you have to present yourself in a certain professional way. And when you appear so masculine in general. I love my masculinity so I can't deny it, but I can't deny my femininity either. Lingerie allows me to be both sides of myself as I wish or

need. It may only be a feminine because society has deemed it so, but it helps me feel more myself even so."

Will nodded. "You wear lingerie under your suits." It wasn't a question.

"Is it a problem for you?" Hannibal pulled back and looked at him questioningly.

Will smiled warmly. "Hell no. I… Hannibal, the first time I realised I might be into guys, bisexual or whatever, was when I had a short fling with someone in college who identified as non-binary. I mean, it wasn't a *thing* back then? They didn't call it that, but that's what it was. She really opened my eyes - I was surprised how much I was into the masculinity in her."

"Oh." Surprise passed quickly and Hannibal's face softened into a content smile.

"And… I guess I could add to that - I had a sense of this from you? It wasn't something I was expecting, not in this way, but I'm not surprised either if that makes sense?" Will cleared his throat, before pressing his hand down on his once more stirring cock as he voiced his next thought - "I'm glad you shared this with me, glad you felt you could, so I should share that… should you feel the need to fuck me whilst wearing lingerie, that is something I am not in any way adverse to."

Hannibal let out a light laugh that seemed to be as much happiness as relief.

"I must admit, I have found you unpredictable and I was unsure how you would react to this, but… things have moved quickly and I wanted to share this with you. You're right, I felt I could share this with you, it makes me very happy to do so." Hannibal's head was resting back on his chest and he circled fingers along Will's happy trail between navel and crotch - just playing lightly and innocently over the hairs there. It had Will quivering.

"Spend Christmas with me." The words were out of Will's mouth as soon as he thought them. Hannibal chuckled and pulled back again to look at him.

"Wasn't this our Christmas?"

"Sure." Will agreed. "But, I don't know, doesn't this feel like a long term thing?" He wanted Hannibal to understand without having to say the words aloud and blush uncontrollably as he knew he would. That the trust he had put into Will to share this with him, just cemented that this was a forever thing for him, even if it had moved fast. "I mean… why should next Christmas be out first one when we can have this one now?"

Hannibal was grinning at him, moving slowly over him until he straddled Will - caging him between his stockinged thighs. He started to rock himself against Will's rapidly hardening cock as he replied - "Will, I would never have shared this with you if I didn't think this was a long term *thing*."

Will grinned. "So I don't need to convince you with how picturesque my place looks in the snow? How I can actually cook a roast? Hannibal-" he paused, a million questions entering his mind - what pronouns Hannibal might prefer, if he liked to go by different names, what could he do to ensure Hannibal felt comfortable that he could live as he wished, even if it was

only outside of hospital hours. He cleared his throat and spoke gently, looking intently at his lover as the thoughts coalesced into a statement that would suffice for now. “Hannibal, I just need you to know, you can be my girl, you can be my guy… you can be anything, as long as you’re mine.”

Hannibal nipped light kisses at his lips as he laughed his delight. “It sounds perfect.” He agreed. “Our first Christmas of many.”

Will returned the smile before grabbing Hannibal’s hips and pulling them tight together, their mutually stirring enthusiasm clear. Everything about this was so damn perfect, so damn beautiful he had to agree -

“It’ll be beautiful.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!